

Mrs. Mary Reed Crowell's Brilliant Story, "DID SHE SIN?" Commences Next Week!

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No. 491

QUESTIONING.

BY EDEN E. REXFORD.

Under the grass, darling,
Say, can you see
How the blue violet
Blows for the bee?
Lie all day long in rest,
Love, do you know
How o'er your low, green bed
Days come and go?
When by your side is laid
Those known of old,
Then do you whisper
To them thro' the mold?
Can you know aught, dear,
Of earth's good or ill
Resting so peacefully
Here on the hill?
Within your side, darling,
Touched with god's peace,
Finding from some one
An endless release,
They lay me down, darling,
Neath blossoms or snows,
Then through the dust, darling,
Clasp my hand close.
Clasp me, and whisper
My name, as of old,
And the warmth of the old love
Will baffle the cold.
Out of your grave, dear,
Answer me this,—
Is the peace that came sweater
Than love's long, last kiss?

Freelance,

The Cavalier Corsair;
OR,
THE WAIF OF THE WAVE.

A Nautical Romance of the Early Years of the
Nineteenth Century.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM,
AUTHOR OF "THE CRETAN ROVER," "MERLE,
THE MUTINEER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

WITHOUT MERCY.

The harbor into which the corsair had sought refuge was one of the rendezvous of the piratical hordes that were found along the coast of Morocco at the time of which our story begins.

It was strongly fortified, and from its well-protected haven, half a dozen vessels, large and small, were wont to sally forth to cruise against the commerce of the world, and though carrying the flag of the Moor, also floated above their deck the black ensign of the pirate, which certainly was more fit to represent their dark deeds.

Over this stronghold and fleet El Rais Aboukah, or the Red Rais, held command, while he was also a chief of a mountain tribe of Moors known as the Amazergs, and a brave and warlike race of which his father had been their leader.

Twenty-five or six years before, an American girl, a captive, had been purchased by Sheik Aboukah, and the Red Rais, the offspring of this ill-matched union, though the old chieftain had always treated his fair young wife with great courtesy and kindness.

Contrary to the wish of his parents, the young Aboukah took to the sea, and his great courage soon placed him in command of a vessel, and won for him the respect and admiration of his sultan, who made him commodore of the stronghold and fleet.

Though a bold rover, and who had won the name of the Red Rais upon account of his many victories and battles, El Rais was wont to spend a few months of each year at his mountain home with his parents, until death took from him his mother, and his father dying soon after the young corsair became chief, or sheik of the Amazerg tribe, and from their brave ranks he formed the crew of his vessel, and his will was supreme.

Upon the arrival of the corsair craft at the harborage Launcelot Grenville beheld the tall masts and high hull of the Reindeer lying at anchor near, and around her were numerous small boats carrying her cargo ashore.

Maud recognized, also, dark though it was, the well-known rig of her father's vessel, and the tears came to her eyes, and her heart was too full to speak.

"My friends, I must still claim you," groaned poor Maud; but Launcelot Grenville showed no sign of dreading his fate, though in his face dwelt deep sympathy, and the maiden while he inwardly cursed his inability to aid her.

For a moment Maud seemed utterly broken-hearted; but with a great effort she controlled herself, and with haughty face and flashing eyes turned upon the chief.

"I am ready, Sir Corsair; but I am not yet the tool of a cruel tyrant."

Maud gazed curiously around her as she said:

"You can at least let this gentleman go free!"

"I offered him his freedom and he refused it. As much as I regret it, he must be sold into bondage."

"Heaven have mercy upon us!" groaned poor Maud; but Launcelot Grenville showed no sign of dreading his fate, though in his face dwelt deep sympathy, and the maiden while he inwardly cursed his inability to aid her.

Without word the sheik set it, and the vessel soon after grated upon the beach, and El Rais placed Maud on shore, and telling Launcelot to follow, led the way up the steep hillside to his quarters when on land.

Maud gazed curiously around her as she said:

"This morning we must part, my friends."

Neither spoke in answer, and El Rais continued:

"A messenger from his mighty Sidi commands me to go at once on a cruise to head off a fleet of East Indians, and I am ordered to forward my prisoners immediately, under guard, to the capital."

Maud started, and her face grew livid; but Launcelot calmly asked:

"Have you many prisoners, El Rais?"



"Save me, oh, save me, for the sake of the mother you loved so well!"

Eagerly the white slave searched for another missive that might tell him more than he could find out from the one who had brought him hope, but nothing else was visible, and the Moor's mouth was sealed as to where he was going, or from whence he had come.

Having determined to go with the Moor, though he knew death would follow if overtaken by his master, he looked to the comfort of the camels, got together his store of dates, milked the camels, and a sheep, and made a stew of it, after which he joined his master to take supper with him, and a hearty meal the two ate, for Launcelot Grenville, with the hope of escape from his cruel captivity, felt his blood all afire, and really enjoyed his repast, humble as it was.

Then Launcelot set about preparing his package of food to carry with them; but the Moor told him he had come well-stocked with provisions, and had more ample for both of them. Then the two lay down to rest.

An hour after midnight, Launcelot Grenville awoke, and arousing his companion, they made preparations to make their hasty departure, and were soon mounted upon their camels and going at a fair pace over the desert.

As the day broke they discovered a party of three horsemen coming toward them, and at a glance the herdsman recognized his master, Abdallah Bourikh, and his two brothers, who were returning from a trip to the coast.

At once he made known to his companion and guide who they were, but trusting to his disguise as a merchant, hoped to pass unrecognized by them.

With manifestations of friendship the two parties greeted each other, Abdallah Bourikh and his brothers, and the two camels and were soon mounted upon them, the swift, wiry steeds of the desert.

Not to betray himself the herdsman remained silent, and the Moor did the talking telling lies about who they were, or rather were not, as glibly as though lying was his profession.

But all the time Abdallah was eying Launcelot closely, and as the parties separated the old sheik of the desert shook his head ominously.

Hardly had a mile divided them, when glancing back the Moor saw a camel with a rider on his back dash over a sand-hill and halt by the horsemen, at the same time pointing toward the fugitives.

"It is Nessak, the son of Abdallah," said Launcelot, calmly.

"Then let us put our camels to their speed," said the Moor.

"No, let us not drive them hard until there is need; if we are pursued now, I will fight them."

"Abdallah Bourikh is a great sheik," the Moor suggested.

"I would kill the sultan did he stand between me and freedom," was the determined reply, and the Moor caressed his beard at the thought of any one offering harm to the great Sidi.

It was now evident that the camel-rider had gone to the oasis, and finding the herdsman not there, had no idea of his whereabouts, he was gesturing wildly, and the result was the four Moors turned on the track of the fugitives.

Launcelot quietly unslinging the long musket he had brought with him, and placed his pistols ready for use, the Moor, who called himself Selim, following his example.

Like the wind the pursuers came on, and a stern resolve was on the face of Launcelot, for he remembered how cruel had been his treatment from the sheik and those with him, and for long months he had been nursing a hope of revenge upon them.

"Men of son of an accursed race, stop at the command of your master," yelled Abdallah, when they came close enough to be heard.

"Sheik Abdallah, press me not, or I will kill you," cried Launcelot, in stern tones.

But the sheik feared not the slave who so long had been under his control, and, calling to his kinsmen to follow, he dashed on, a long pistol in his hand.

"I warn you off, Sheik Abdallah," said Launcelot, and he brought his musket round for use, and came to a halt.

The reply of the Moor was to fire at his slave. It was the last act of his life, for, as the bullet from his pistol whizzed above the head of Launcelot, the musket sprang to his shoulder, a report followed, and the Sheik Abdallah fell from his saddle, a dead man.

Instantly, with a pistol in each hand, Launcelot turned upon the others, crying to his companion:

"Shoot them down, or they will bring a hundred riders upon our track."

Selim at once obeyed; his musket flashed with the two pistols of Launcelot, and the weapons of their enemies.

But the aim of the horrified and demoralized brothers and son of Abdallah was bad, and neither of the fugitives was injured, while the dropping of their foes from their horses and mounts proved that they had fired unerringly.

But three of the crew sat the oasis spring to his feet, and, though wounded, threw himself on the back of his father's steed, and dashed away across the desert with the speed of a bird.

"Come, Selim; it were useless to attempt to catch him. Let us take their arms and away from here," cried Launcelot, and seizing the weapons and provisions of the dead Moors, the two men mounted their fleet camels, and at a steady, swinging gait, pressed on their way, for they well knew that Abdallah's whole tribe would be in pursuit within a few hours, when warned by the sheik's son of his father's death at the hands of his slave.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN BONDAGE.

BENEATH the shelter of a few date trees, which grouped together above a spring of water, formed an oasis in the desert—an island of verdure surrounded by a sea of rolling sand and arid desolation—stood a man, gazing out over the wild waste of dreariness, with a far-away look that proved his thoughts had flown to other scenes than those by which he was surrounded.

He was a person of splendid physique, as his scant dress plainly showed; his hair and beard were long and dark, while his skin was tanned to the hue of copper.

Scattered among the trees, having just refreshed themselves at the cool water of the spring, were a number of camels, while flocks of hardy desert sheep cropped at the grass that grew around.

It was near the sunset hour, and like a huge ball of fire the God of Day was descending beyond the desert horizon, and altogether the scene was not unpicturesque, with the lonely man there amid the dumb brutes it was his duty to care for.

In that splendidly-formed man, in spite of the two long and cruel years of bondage he had undergone, in spite of his cruel sufferings and desert life, and notwithstanding his long and manifold hair and beard, the reader cannot fail to recognize Launcelot Grenville.

Yes, Launcelot Grenville, the once proud, elegant man, now the slave of a Moor, the bondman of a cruel master, the keeper of desert flocks and camels, and, in rags and loneliness, a pitiable object indeed.

"Hold! that man rides with free arms and limbs. It is my wish that he is not bound," said El Rais, quietly.

El Rais, quietly.

"God be with you.

CHAPTER IX.

THE AMAZER QUEEN.

WITHIN the heart of the range of mountains that run back from the coast, a few leagues in the interior of Morocco, dwell the Amazergs, the most warlike and intelligent of the Moorish tribes, and who, under a chief who inherits the title which descends from father to son, are the most feared of any of the wandering races of that strange land.

The retreats of the Amazergs were in the fastnesses of the wild range from which they take their name, and if other than one of their tribes ever entered their secluded homes, it was as a prisoner, for they had often, when in revolt against the sultans, beaten back the trained soldiers sent against them, and conquered their own territory in the hands of Sidi.

The best horsemen of Morocco, owning the best and fleetest herd of desert or mountain steeds, armed literally from head to foot, and of

splendid physical development, they were foes that I desired to meet, and were called both mountain lions and desert kings, for they were equally at home in scaling the lofty heights or flying across the sandy plains.

It is among this tribe that I would have my reader accompany me, and to the most pretentious of their mountain homes—a house almost modern in its build, surrounded by broad verandas, and furnished with an eye to every comfort and luxury—strange things indeed in that far region.

Half-reclining upon a silken divan out upon the cool veranda, and gazing listlessly far over the superb and grand scene spread out before her—a scene of mountain, blossoming valleys, sparkling streams, tree-covered hills, a wide stretch of desert and the blue sea beyond—was a picture of surpassing loveliness, and scarcely over twenty-one or two.

Her form was exquisitely molded, and attired in the pretty costume worn by Moorish women, while the veil was thrown back over the silk turban.

A fortune in jewels was upon her person, a guitar lay at her side, a silver tray with fruit and coffee stood near, books were piled in confusion upon the floor, and all around indicated that she was a potted beauty, indulged in every whim.

And yet, though the face was beautiful, far back in the dreary eyes dwelt a look of deep sadness, as though the roses that should have her path did not keep the thorns out of her heart, and a sigh that broke from her slightly-parted lips told that she had come upon her.

As she turned her eyes, from their wistful gaze across the sea, they fell upon two horsemen ascending the hillside toward the house, and she half sprang from the divan as she appeared to recognize one of them.

"It is Selim—yes; but the other—no, it cannot be, and yet it may be, for it has been long since I saw him. Yes, it is, it is none other! That form I can never forget," and she arose to her feet, just as the horsemen halted near and sprang to the ground, while one of them advanced quickly, gazing intently into the face of the woman.

"Captain Grenville! Free at last! Thank Heaven!" and the woman held out both hands to greet the man who advanced toward her and sprang upon the platform.

"Maud Menken! You then are my preserve! I have guessed it," and Launcelot Grenville bent low and kissed the hand that grasped his own.

"I saved you, yes. Would to God I could have done so long ago, but," and the beautiful face flushed crimson, "I am no longer the Maud Menken you knew, Captain Grenville, for I am the wife of—"

"The Red Rais?" broke in Launcelot.

"Yes; we were married one year ago by Spanish priest, captured on one of the prizes taken by my husband," and Maud gazed intently into the face of the man before her, as though hoping to see the change of countenance of her beloved.

"We'll have to rough it now," the major remarked, while the doctor, who was blessed by nature with a goodly amount of flesh and an appetite to match, heaved a sigh, for after a week's sojourn at the Battle House, Mobile's best hotel, the fisherman's shanty did not seem to promise anything but scanty fare.

But the doctor had not experienced the hospitality of Southern hunter's abode, and he was destined to be agreeably disappointed.

The supper was excellent—a brace of ducks roasted; a chowder-like mess of steamed fish, fresh venison steaks broiled, and, oh! so different to the tinned mess that it served up to the bemused inhabitants of the big cities, and while the true woodman was cast in contempt of his dogs; sweet potatoes, corn bread and a good cup of strong coffee; why, it was a supper fit for Jove himself!

The bunks, too, were clean and comfortable, and altogether we unanimously voted that Miller's Bayou's "hotel" was a trifle ahead of anything in the hotel line that we had ever come across in our travels.

"Thank Heaven I escaped that dishonesty! Nay, I would have died by my own hand, when hope had entirely left me; but El Rais is at heart a noble man, and that he truly loves me, I know, for he has proven it.

"Unable to save me, openly, from the fate for which I was intended, he arranged that his mountain horsemen should kidnap me at night when we camped, and that I should be sold into slavery to a sheik of the desert, and his true master, the Sidi, at the loss of a victim, of course, but it was said the desert robbers had stolen me, and he attached no blame to El Rais, who kept it a deep secret that I was here.

"You, it was said, were killed in the attack upon the camp, and bitterly I mourned for you, and so did El Rais, for it was his intention to have purchased you, and in the end to give you your freedom.

"A week after my coming here, El Rais arrived, and frankly told me of his love for me, begging me to become his wife.

"I asked for a year to consider, told him that I was cast down in grief for the death of my father and yourself, and he gladly gave me the promise that I should go free at the end of that time."

"But, during those twelve months he proved himself so noble, and in so many little ways showed his true manhood, that from admiration, my regard turned to respect and love, and he yielded to my wish to have a priest unite us, and one year I have been his wife and the Queen of the Amazergs, and though I am not happy in this land of the Moors, I am at least at peace."

"I believe that you have acted wisely, Maud, and I hope every happiness may ever attend you. I will never forget that you saved me from a fate more cruel than death," and Launcelot Grenville shuddered at the thought of his long captivity.

"Tell me all you tell about that; a few months ago El Rais was called to see the sultan, and while in the city learned in some way that you had not been killed, as we believed, but were sold into slavery to a sheik of the desert, Abdallah Bourkh, and I immediately determined to send a trusty messenger to see if he could find you, and you know not how happy I am that you are once more free. How you must have suffered, you only can tell."

"It seems like a long, horrible dream to me now; but God forever bless you, fair Queen of the Amazergs, for awaking me from the hideous nightmare. But the Rais—where is he?"

"He returns to-night, and will be delighted to see you, for he has spoken of meeting you, showing Sella, returning successful from his search, a *Bash Soho Rais* of his own vessel, which the sultan had built for him, and which he does not intend to command, to whom he will leave the sea, and dwell here among his people."

"I am homeless and hopeless, fair queen, but I do not think I could accept the offer."

"You could do much good by so doing, as Mesurah Rais, the man whom the Sidi has appointed to command her in place of El Rais, is a monster inhuman, and woe be to the poor captive whom he takes!"

Launcelot Grenville seemed deeply moved by the words of the Amazerg queen. She had become a Moor by adoption: why should not he, especially when it was in his power to do much good as an officer?

A coxcomb he might be, it was true, and yet he was beginning to realize as to what fate awaited him, and he said, after an instant's deliberation:

"If El Rais makes me *Bash Soho Rais*, I will accept it, come what may, for I am but the foot-ball of Fate."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 489.)

A Day at Miller's Bayou.

A Fishing Trip in Louisiana.

BY COL DELLE SARA.

ABUNDANTLY rich in piscatorial treasures is the fair Sons of the South, rather, to "smile by the card," and about two years ago the writer, in company with two chums, made quite an extensive tour of the S. & G., going down by way of the Atlantic Coast Line to New Orleans, and then by steamers up the river to Cairo, stopping at certain points on the way to enjoy the sport common to the locality.

We had stayed for a week in Mobile enjoying the pleasures of that pleasant city, and then had taken the New Orleans train, one bright Sunday morning, with intent to lay over for a day at Miller's Bayou, on Lake Catherine, quite near to the Crescent City, there to try the famous fishing-grounds so dear to the hearts of the gentlemen of "Orleans."

Lieutenant-in-chief.

There were three of us, inseparable companions for some years when the sports of flood and field were to be enjoyed—the major, the doctor and myself.

Through the kindness of the conductor of the train, whose acquaintance I had made at the hotel, I was introduced to the engineer, the commander-in-chief of the mighty monster which was to transport us safely and almost with the speed of the wind to our destination.

"Take the colonel in the 'cab' and give him a chance to look at alligators or two on the way," the conductor suggested.

Eagerly I accepted the invitation, and when the train "pulled" out for New Orleans I had a "reserved seat" on the engine.

As the engineer explained to me as we rode along, the Mobile, New Orleans and Texas road—to give it its full title—runs all the way from Mobile to New Orleans through a low, flat country, as level as one's hand, and nine-tenths of the way nothing but a marsh.

The road-bed is slightly raised above the level of the surrounding country, and the graders in building the road excavated a wide trench on each side of it, and this being filled by stagnant water afforded a secure lurking-place for the alligators.

The railroad track being but little used, the monsters are fond of climbing up on it for the purpose of resting in the sun and on the approach of the trains the sluggish reptiles, disturbed in their slumber, plunge into the ditch.

"All you can see of them is a bit of their head, and as to shooting them from the train, why, you can shoot all you like, but I would be willing to agree to give a hundred dollars apiece for all you kill," the engineer said.

And experience proved that he was perfectly correct; the bullets rattled off the heads of the reptiles like so many peas, and when at Pascagoula I joined my companions in the car, I had to stand quite a number of jokes in regard to the alligators that my unerring aim had slain.

In due time we arrived at Miller's Bayou and disembarked.

An extremely primitive settlement is Miller's—about three houses on a shell island on the prairie, near the shores of Lake Catherine.

"We'll have to rough it now," the major remarked, while the doctor, who is blessed by nature with a goodly amount of flesh and an appetite to match, heaved a sigh, for after a week's sojourn at the Battle House, Mobile's best hotel, the fisherman's shanty did not seem to promise anything but scanty fare.

But the doctor had not experienced the hospitality of Southern hunter's abode, and he was destined to be agreeably disappointed.

The supper was excellent—a brace of ducks roasted; a chowder-like mess of steamed fish, fresh venison steaks broiled, and, oh! so different to the tinned mess that it served up to the bemused inhabitants of the big cities, and while the true woodman was cast in contempt of his dogs; sweet potatoes, corn bread and a good cup of strong coffee; why, it was a supper fit for Jove himself!

A little country maiden.

Who shared her hearth and home

Just ten short years, then went to live

Where sorrow cannot come.

Maud's beauty will not always last—

Time robs the face and form.

The beauty of the soul lives on,

Through sunshine and through storm.

BEAUTY THAT WILL NOT FADE.

BY JOSE C. MALOTT.

Maud has flashing black eyes,
And a haughty air,
And checks the hue of roses,
And braids of jetty hair.

She reigns a belle and beauty
Where fashion holds its sway,
And always at ball or party
Is witty and gay.

The praise and adulation
Her grace and style command
Have made her vain and selfish—
None more so on the land.

At home she is queenly
And a queenly air,
And moves through all the day,
And reads the latest novel.

In a listless way.

And royalty she queens it
Over the common herd,
But for their grief and trouble
She has no kindly word.

She does not waste her pity
On those who earn their bread,
And the hungry and the needy
She has not clothed or fed;

And how her Sister Nellie
Can spend her time and means
In tending on the poor and sick
Amid such horrid scenes,

Is past her comprehension—
This favored child of wealth,
Who never came in contact,
With trouble or ill health.

Papa calls Nellie "Nellie team,"
And a lovely girl of all;
Peaches her face resembles
One hanging on the wall—

A little country maiden.

Who shared her hearth and home

Just ten short years, then went to live

Where sorrow cannot come.

Maud's beauty will not always last—

Time robs the face and form.

The beauty of the soul lives on,

Through sunshine and through storm.

The Pink of the Pacific;

OR,
The Adventures of a Stowaway.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE LANDLADY OF THE IMPERIAL CROWN.

CAPTAIN BODFIELD was instructed not to mention on board of the Belle of the Bay the astonishing event which had just come to his knowledge, for the ends of justice might be defeated if Mr. Dunwood were informed that his ill-gotten fortune was in danger of slipping out of his possession.

"I am almost sorry I told him," said the commander, musing, after the captain of the Belle had departed.

"He won't say a word about the matter to Mr. Dunwood," replied Pink. "He liked his position on board of the brig very much at first; but since he has found out what sort of a man the owner is, I know he would like to get out of it."

"But my mission in Koti is accomplished; and I have no further business here," continued Captain Fairfield. "I told the rajah last night that I must soon return to my own country. We must get ready to leave in the yacht in a few days; for I do not care to lose sight of John Dunwood for any great length of time."

At this moment an officer was shown into the room, who proved to be a messenger from the rajah, requiring the immediate attendance of the commander at the palace. The boy in which Pink and Sanders had come up the river was made ready, and they embarked. On their arrival at the palace, Captain Fairfield presented his card, and Pink was taken by the hand as though he had been a prince. There was great news at the palace. The soldiers of the rajah had fought another battle that forenoon with the invaders; and the rajah of Djama had sent a commission to sue for peace, fearful that the victorious chiefs would invade his own dominions.

The advice of the commander was desired, for the rajah of Koti was despoiled to enter the territory of his great enemy, and chastise him for his ambition.

But the commander of the forces consulted peace, as he had always done before. He was appointed to meet the rajah, and when the day for the interview ended, a treaty had been agreed to which bound the two rajahs together in a defensive league; and certain high chiefs of Djama were to reside in Koti for a year, as hostages for the good faith of their master. The captured pros were to be returned, but an indemnity in gold was to be paid to the victor.

Up over the shoulder of the rajah presented to Captain Fairfield for his valuable services.

When all this business was accomplished, and the hostages from Djama had arrived, the rajah reluctantly consented to the departure of the commander, which was the name of the commander's yacht, in condition for a voyage. As the captain had said, the Dyaks were no sailors for regular sea service, but a crew of Chinese had been trained so that they could work the vessel with considerable facility; and they were set at work on board of her. The captain only intended to employ them to take the vessel to Manila, where he could ship a crew of Europeans for the homeward voyage.

All over the territory of the rajah, the people were having a week of festivities in honor of the victorious peace. On the night before the Annie was to sail for Manila, the commander, attended by Pink, was present at one of these feasts, a few miles up the river. It was at a considerable village, and the party went up in a proa. The houses were all built on posts, from six to twenty feet above the ground. They were as close together as in a large city, and in front of them was a broad veranda, which seemed to be common to all the people.

On this platform all the inhabitants and their guests were collected. The commander was received with all the honors and respect due to him, and he was given the highest place at the feast. Pink saw that some of the young chiefs whom he had met on the pros were present; and they were very polite to him, after their fashion.

They were about as many young women present as men; and Pink thought the country must have been scourred to obtain so many good-looking girls. They were not extensively clothed, the entire wardrobe consisting of only a sort of tunic, reaching from the waist down to the knees. They wore a cap shaped like a fez; and some of them had necklaces and other ornaments about the neck. They were as full of life and animal spirits as the young girls at home.

They brought in the young men in jars; and if they were at all backward in taking the cup the ladies laughed at them and ridiculed them in the most unmerciful manner. One of the fair maidens attended to the wants of Pink; and he abdicated of the fare brought to him. Of course he could not talk with the lady, though his father acted as interpreter for him part of the time. Then his attendant brought him a jar of tuak, and when he shook his head and declined to touch it, she made all manner of gestures at him, pointing at him with a kiss, laughing violently at his refusal. Then she placed the cup at his lips, and tried to coax him to drink.

"I advise you not to drink much of that stuff," said his father.

"I don't suppose it was so bad as that," added Pink.

"How is that?" asked Pink.

"Why, that boy is the most intolerable nuisance that ever I heard of," exclaimed the captain of the Belle. "I have been in a room with him ever since we left you on our voyage."

"He is any worse than that," replied Pink.

"Permit me to tell you what he has always been."

"I think he is

A WEARY WHILE.

BY ABBIE C. M'KEEVER.

A weary while is weary while,
Oh pitiless, cruel sea,
And only the waves to kiss my feet
And sorrow bring to me,

Oh, laughing waves! oh, mocking waves!
With your voices low and sweet,
I have heard your stories o'er and o'er,
Then why the tales repeat—

The ship is lost! the ship is lost!
I catch the lone refrain;
The sky grows dark, the waves are black,
And the day is full of pain.

A sail! A sail! I see afar,
And hope creeps up anew;
The sky is bright, the day is fair,
And the waves of the sea are blue.

Tis Robin's ship! I am faint with joy;
I am safe! I am safe!—
The ship is safe! The ship is safe!
The waves sing at my feet!

Iron Wrist,

The Swordmaster of Copenhagen.

A TALE OF COURT AND CAMP.

BY COL. THOMAS HOYER MONSTERY,
CHAMPION-AT-ARMS OF NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE TWO SWORDMASTERS.

WHEN Olaf, the swordmaster, arrived in Postavly, he found that the route he had chosen through the center of the little town was post-horse being in the market-place; and Ivan Dembinski evinced great fear as they entered the square, at seeing an officer with a squad of Cossacks, sitting on horseback in front of the station.

"We are lost!" he ejaculated. "They have orders to arrest us."

"One is never lost so long as he breathes," responded Iron Wrist, sententiously.

Then they drove up to the station.

"Horses, quick, I have for the service of his imperial majesty. I have dispatches for the Grand Constantine and must overtake him," cried Olaf.

"Not so fast," was the response of the Cossack officers in a tone of irony. "Fine feathers do not make a captain if he lacks a commission."

The officer was a large, portly man with a big red mustache, and he was evidently disposed to look with contempt on the boyish face of Olaf.

"I am Colonel Count Olaf Svenson of Copenhagen," returned our hero, proudly, giving for the first time his surname. "I am swordmaster general to the czar of all the Russias, and acting under his majesty's orders. Behold my instructions."

And he drew forth the embossed parchment given him by Nicholas, and displayed it before the eyes of the Cossack.

To his surprise the other only laughed scornfully.

"I have heard of you for an impostor," he said. "The police telegraph has sent your description. You stole that paper, and the real Count Olaf is still in St. Petersburg."

In a moment Olaf had leaped to the ground and came up to the Cossack officer.

"Do you deny it, am I Count Olaf?" he asked, with his peculiar smile.

"I know you are not. You are merely an imposter."

"Indeed?" replied the Dane, with a still more polite smile. "Then you should be able to prove it on me. I have heard that you Cossacks think you can use a sword. Get off, and I will show you if I am Count Olaf or an imposter."

With an angry laugh the big officer swung himself on the ground and faced Olaf.

"Poo!" he cried, "do you know that I am Demetri Soltikoff, swordmaster of the Twenty-seventh Pulk? (regiment.)

"So much the better," answered Olaf, with the same engaging smile. "I should be ashamed to fight an amateur, but as you are a professional it is all right. Be pleased to draw, Lieutenant Soltikoff, and I will show you that I am swordmaster-general and that you are a bungler."

The other Cossacks looked on in wonder. The brilliancy of Olaf impressed them with a sense of uncertainty as to his status, even after the words of their own commander, and they were too fond of a fight to interfere, even in the market-place, between two officers.

Lieutenant Soltikoff immediately drew his saber. He honestly believed the truth of Stroganoff's wily message, which indeed was well calculated to vail the true state of affairs and secure Olaf's arrest.

The chief of police was constantly trying new plans and the nearer he came to the Grand Duke Constantine, the greater became the danger if he revealed the truth. In the infallible state of the country, any revelation of an attempt to seize the czar would have been the signal for a disturbance and the probable defeat of Stroganoff's plans. Still Soltikoff, however honestly he believed the message, was a good swordsman, and he realized, the moment that Olaf drew his saber, that he had no common adversary.

Instead of rushing on, he stood on the defensive. Olaf laughed at him and began to taunt him.

"If I am an impostor, why do you not advance, swordmaster of the Twenty-seventh Pulk?"

"If you are the swordmaster-general, it is your place to attack," answered the Cossack, cautiously.

Indeed Olaf stamped his foot and advanced on the Cossack, making a circular feint and throwing himself open, to tempt the other to cut.

The bait took, for Soltikoff made a furious blow at the Dame's left shoulder.

It was a light slash, but it angered the Cossack to see his own blood drawn so easily.

With an angry curse he sprang back, and then made a desperate thrust in tierce of Olaf's breast.

Bang! Clash!

With a sharp downward blow Olaf struck the saber almost to the earth, and with a second blow he sent it flying over the heads of several Cossacks.

"Well, Soltikoff, am I am impostor?" he asked, fiercely, for the clash of swords always put up the Dame's blood.

The Cossack looked completely crestfallen.

"My lord is no impostor; he is fit to be swordmaster to the czar," was his answer. "I apologize."

With a grim smile Olaf drew out his handkerchief and wiped from his blade a few drops of blood.

"Then I trust to you to see that we do not want for horses," was his comment. "This lady is a dear friend of the Grand Duke Constantine and I am escorting her to him, besides obeying my orders. You are a soldier and understand these things."

The Cossack was perfectly transformed. No sooner did he find that he was in the presence of a real master, than he became eager to do him every possible service; for he adored the members of his own craft in exact proportion to their superiority to himself.

Having stanching the blood from his cheek by holding his handkerchief against it, without trying to bind it up, he began to hector the postmaster for his delays, and in a few minutes had a fresh change of horses out, with an additional span to lead behind.

At Olaf's demand he was also supplied with a saddle and bridle, and it was as they were all ready for departure that Count Stroganoff drove up and electrified every one by his impious order to "Arrest that man, in the name of the czar."

Here was a fresh quandary. Ivan Dembinski, who had just begun to breathe again, turned pale as he recognized the minister.

Lieutenant Soltikoff was honestly puzzled. He did not know what to do. He recognized the minister of police, but he had gone too far in Olaf's favor to recede at once.

"Why, count," he said, in a deprecatory tone, "this is the colonel swordmaster-general, under command from his majesty—"

"Now, my fire-eating friend," he ejaculated, triumphantly, "we have squared our accounts at least. I think. It will puzzle even Natalie Dembinski, with all her arts to get out of that place; and as for you—"

"Certainly, count, but—"

"Do you know this, then?" asked the minister, producing his parchment. "Here is an order, filled in by the emperor's own hand, commanding all persons to obey my orders. Arrest that man!"

The lieutenant looked still more puzzled. He recognized the new order, but he also had seen the old one.

"But this gentleman has an order, too, count."

"Stolen from its proper possessor, Count Olaf. I tell you this man is an impostor, and the woman is nothing more than—"

"Stop! Stop!" shouted Olaf, riding up to the side of the carriage. "One word against the czar, and I will chastise you in public."

As he spoke, he glared at Stroganoff in his peculiar fashion when he chose—a look that had caused brave men to shrink before that.

The minister of police turned paler than ever, but commanded his emotions.

"I call on all here to help me arrest this man for treason to the czar," he cried, appealing to the bystanders.

"Whip up, Nicolai! I will follow," answered Olaf, cutting short the colloquy. "Let a mad offer to stop you, and he disobeys the order of the czar."

The stolid Nicolai instantly obeyed, and the tarantass with the Princess Natalie rolled away, while Olaf drew his sword and reined up before the minister's carriage.

"Lieutenant Soltikoff," he shouted, "as swordmaster-general, and your superior officer, I order you to take your men back to the barracks. Do you belong to the army or the police?"

"To the army, colonel," responded the Cossack, promptly.

"And are you going to obey my orders or those of this gasconading police minister?"

"I swear, colonel, I don't know what to do."

"Then take your men back and leave me if he does. You hear my order, sir?"

The swordmaster had struck the right key, for the helmet saluted.

"Do you take the responsibility, colonel?"

"I do, sir. Believe it."

Instantly the officer of Cossacks wheeled his horse and rode off to the barracks followed by his men, leaving Stroganoff in the market-place, pale with rage.

Olaf rode up to the tarantass, shook his sword at the minister and said, fiercely:

"Now, sir, follow me if you dare."

Then he sheathed his sword, wheeled round and galloped away after his party.

Stroganoff, left to himself for a moment, sunk back on his pillows, pale with conflicting emotions. He had failed again.

But the tarantass was not quite beaten yet and soon showed it.

"Put in fresh horses," he commanded.

Then he added, in a loud, bitter tone, so as to be heard by all the idlers who had congregated round them to stare:

"You people of Postavly will be sorry for this. I will teach you what it is to disobey the orders of the czar when I come back from Wilna with that man a prisoner. We will see if he will fool Colonel Platzoff as he has fooled your men here. Put in those horses quickly."

"I have a master-key. They cannot get any horses, for the stables are locked."

"Quick! then let us get out of this."

A few moments later they were out of the trap into which they had so foolishly run, and in full chase toward the stable.

But now they got into the streets around the post-house were empty.

"Put in fresh horses," he commanded.

The fugitives were not without sight or hearing, and the clock of the great munition of St. Catherine struck three while they were looking around them.

"Rouse the police, all over the city, and search for them. It is only half an hour to dawn, and if they leave the city, I will break every inspector of police in Wilna," said Stroganoff, now savagely.

AY went two of the men to the police barracks, and a few minutes later Stroganoff drove up to the post-house nearly at Wilna.

"Now, my bold swordmaster," cried the count, in a tone of triumph, "come forth when you please. I think you will not get out of Wilna as quick as you came in."

As the streets began to fill with armed men, it did seem indeed as if his threat was likely to be verified.

turbance, the tarantass was led away, but not to the stables. There was a police barrack at Wilna, with a walled court-yard and an iron gate. Into this inclosure the tarantass was drawn, the horses taken out and led away, while Stroganoff locked the gate and put the key in his pocket. Then he breathed freely.

"Now, my fire-eating friend," he ejaculated, triumphantly, "we have squared our accounts at least. I think. It will puzzle even Natalie Dembinski, with all her arts to get out of that place; and as for you—"

"Certainly, count, but—"

"Do you know this, then?" asked the minister, producing his parchment. "Here is an order, filled in by the emperor's own hand, commanding all persons to obey my orders. Arrest that man!"

It was not the swordmaster.

It was the tarantass.

It was the police barrack at Wilna.

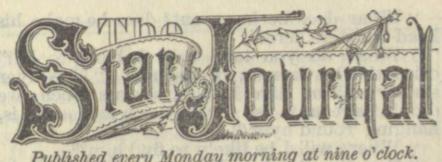
It was the iron gate.

It was the key.

It was the iron door.

It was the iron bars.

It was the iron door.



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A Man's Desperate Game.

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It is not of remote or foreign interest, but is

A STORY OF TO-DAY,
in New York city and suburban aristocratic social circles, that will add much to the author's already fine reputation.

LIGHT LITERATURE.

"A PARSON," whose query we partially answer elsewhere, writes:

"I am opposed to light literature, on principle, because I believe it is feeding the mind on unreal food and discourages the better reading."

It is singular what blindness affects some people. One has a color blindness, and cannot distinguish blue from green, or green from gray, or gray from purple. Another has obliquity of vision, and always sees things where they are not. Still another will not be able to tell a man from a mirror across a room. But, our friend, the Parson, has the old-time blindness that sees no good in anything that is not "serious."

Well, Parson, a man may "smile, and smile, and still be a villain;" and he may be ever so serious and self-complacently fixed in a creed or belief and yet be a fool; so it is not that literature is "light" or "heavy" that determines its value as an educator and civilizer. It is its spirit and intent. A right-down good novel is infinitely to be preferred, as an educator, to a volume of homiletics and dogmatism, for the conclusive reason that everybody reads the novel and nobody reads the homiletics.

Therefore, without discussing the comparative and relative merits of novels and homiletics, it seems to us, Parson, that you are very impractical, (would we not be justified in saying—"stupid?") in relegating light literature to the proscribed list. Don't you think the Oneonta clergyman, whose letter we quoted in our last issue, is the wiser man in himself reading and enjoying and commanding a good and spirited popular paper? Such a paper is a "mirror held up to Nature," that nothing but experience in life can equal for the actual knowledge it discloses,

of men, manners and things; and as the human mind is eager for food, we are sure it is infinitely better, for the young especially, to have a healthful light literature to read, than to daily sup on the horrors and sensations of the daily press.

A "story paper," Parson, if it is properly catered for, is Society's best friend, even before the parsons themselves, much as they are worth as ministers of good—that is about the way the case stands now, if the world isn't a huge lie, and we don't think it is. It is a huge fact, and he who does not read it aright, and treat it sensibly, had better not get in its way.

Sunshine Papers.

The Uses and Abuses

Of legs—masculine and feminine! There! That is my subject, and if you do not like it you are perfectly at liberty to lay aside the JOURNAL without reading this week's "Sunshine." And you may rest assured that no one's heart will be broken by such procedure on your part!

Those legs have their uses cannot be denied; nor that they have played a part in all of the world's great achievements. They have carried the pilgrim to his shrine, the warrior to the battle-field, the explorer into distant lands, the physician to the sick, the clergyman to the dying, the athlete to his goal. They have quivered in the air, flashed in the sea, run and leaped and danced on the land. They have paced the wards of hospitals, flitted from cellar to attic and from attic to cellar in the never-ending round of housewifery, waltzed tirelessly in the ball-room, and helped to bear the actress, and lecturer, and doctress, and lawyeress, into places of remuneration and honor. And though it is to be presumed that every one who possesses a sound pair of these important appendages finds plentiful services for them to perform, I am strongly of the belief that there are no legs in existence that have yet fulfilled their very best purposes.

Pre-eminently legs are of use in walking. But half the people I know seem not to be aware of this, while a few are over-conscious of it. There are young men and women who can glide through the Lanciers, and whirl, in the waltz, most of the nights, but must jump in a car or stage to ride six blocks; gentlemen whom the dyspepsia is making savage and disagreeable, who will not walk the once a day to business that would conquer it; ladies who grow pale, and old, and invalided before their time for lack of daily exercise out of doors.

Why, good people, do you imagine that you were provided with legs that you might carry them about in cars and stages? I do not; I believe they were given you to trot the six or seven miles, or less, that lie between your home and the place of your daily avocation; and if you tell me that you ride to save time, I will answer you that such a confession is only a disgrace to you. For if ever you had put your legs, from childhood up, to their proper use, you would be able to walk, comfortably, almost as rapidly as you could travel on a horse-car or omnibus. But even if you lose a little time, what are time and money in comparison with the possession of a vigorous frame, a strong constitution, and the laying of the foundation for a hole old age, and a race of handsome, healthy Americans?

An English girl thinks nothing of walking five miles and back before breakfast or after tea; but how many American girls can walk a fifth of that distance—two miles—without being entirely used up? A few, I know, for I have been on jolly long tramps with some such—but, how many? One in every fifty, perhaps; and I suspect that is a good percentage. And yet, feminine legs are designed for peripatetic uses as surely as masculine ones.

Walking is an art, a healthy and graceful art, and it should be cultivated as assiduously as dancing. And when America's young legs, feminine and masculine alike, can prettily and tirelessly carry their owners over from one to twenty miles a day, in the open air, and every day in the three hundred and sixty-five, we shall have fewer broken-down young men and sickly young women, while we should then be able to boast even higher mental culture.

Running, leaping and climbing are other uses to which legs should be put. And while girls are young they should be encouraged to practice these exercises, equally with boys; they develop the muscles, add suppleness to the figure, and impart beauty of motion. Any young lady should be proud to be known as a light, swift, graceful runner.

And one of the uses to which every pair of legs—male and female, I make no distinction—within reach of the sea-shore, lakeside, river-course, or even a good-sized pond, should be put, is swimming; while none should ever be ignorant of the beautiful art of moving in rhythm to dance music.

Like foolish creatures we misunderstand each other, and ask the reason why angels write down what we truly are, because they can read the heart. I often wish we could do the same.

EVE LAWLESS.

property; and I would recommend that the first abuse you guilty creatures undertake to abolish is the monopolizing more than your share of public conveyances; and tripping ladies and pious men, who cannot indulge in the relief of ever so little a swear, over your horizontal extremities; and wiping the mud from your dainty and exposed feet upon the garments of the passing crowd.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

How often we are deceived by people, and how little it takes to deceive us! I mean how often we judge people by their manner, and how sadly we are mistaken sometimes. I have two classes now in view, types of which have often presented themselves to my notice and I have often wondered why it is that we do not take persons for what they are and not what they seem to be. We ought to look more into hearts and less into faces and voices. But, how much there is in this world we ought to do—that we know we ought to do—yet leave undone!

Have you not met the demonstrative person? She fairly bubbles over with delight at seeing you; there is a great deal of "gush" in her composition. She overwhelms you with wishes and kisses, until you would think you were her "dearest friend," and that life without your society would be unbearable to her. These protestations of undying friendship are too lavish to be real or lasting—given to too many to make you think you are a favored one.

At a funeral your demonstrative person seems to have tears always at her command—often forced and hardly ever real; her feelings carry her away until one, not acquainted with her, is led to say: "What a tender heart! How keenly she feels for others' sorrows and misfortunes!"

I don't mean to imply, or lead you to believe, that I think the intense joy or sorrow expressed by these demonstrative individuals is all assumed, always, for such is far from my thoughts. Some are more prone to show their feelings for the very reason that they cannot keep them to themselves; but that is not a proof that others, who are not so ready to express what they feel, have less heart, or are incapable of being as much pleased with joy or touched with grief.

I call to my mind one whom we have all always deemed cold and haughty because she ever appeared so statue-like in her manner. Nothing seemed to move her, until we often thought she must be made of ice. We have accused her of lack of sympathy and feeling but we misjudged her because we did not understand her. Her fault was that she was un-demonstrative—something she could not help. Demonstrations caused by gladness or by sorrow were foreign to her nature. She could not parade her feelings before the world, but she was not heartless. She did not express as much as some others, but she may have felt more.

Yes, she felt, and keenly, too, for others in trouble. Those in affliction seemed bound to her by the bond of sympathy, for many and grievous were the crosses she herself had to bear—and she had many kind words of encouragement and many a deed of goodness for them. Hers was a somewhat lonely life because she had been deprived by death of kith and kin, and she had few friends because some deemed her unapproachable. Even this cut her to the heart, because she was called so cold. She suffered, but suffered in silence. She loved her "own" while they were with her, and valued them for their worth, but they could not probe into her heart and read the love that was there; even they seemed to believe she was too ice-like because she could not make an exhibition of that love.

And have you not met just such individuals, and have not you read them wrongly—accused them of a lack of feeling and of heart, and given them no credit for what they deserve? Some there are who cannot conceal their emotions and others who cannot show them.

Have you never held up a stereoscopic view before you and thought what a poor idea of the original place it gave and then placed it in the stereoscope and were so delighted and amazed at the beauty, the change and clearness, that it seemed like reality itself? Now if we could put some of these hearts, we deem so cold and marble-like, into a stereoscope of humanity we would see that they beat with warm affection, deep sympathy and true nobility. Pity some Edison cannot give us such an instrument for peripatetic uses as surely as masculine ones.

Walking is an art, a healthy and graceful art, and it should be cultivated as assiduously as dancing. And when America's young legs, feminine and masculine alike, can prettily and tirelessly carry their owners over from one to twenty miles a day, in the open air, and every day in the three hundred and sixty-five, we shall have fewer broken-down young men and sickly young women, while we should then be able to boast even higher mental culture.

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Like foolish creatures we misunderstand each other, and ask the reason why angels write down what we truly are, because they can read the heart. I often wish we could do the same.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Some Summer Suggestions.

The weather has every appearance of becoming hot and exciting, umbrellas and thermometers are going up, and paper collars and human flesh are wilting down, notes are falling due every day, and your wife's relations have begun to move your way. There will be a great deal more weather this season than you ever saw in your life, and it behoves you to try and survive it the best way that you can.

In the first place, destroy your thermometer about the house; for why should you desire to know just exactly how hot it is? You might otherwise remain in blissful ignorance of it.

I really know of nothing more cooling and healthy in hot weather than being honest. I have tried it myself at odd times when I had nothing else on hand particularly to do, and I can commend it as worthy a trial, now and then.

Do not go to bed without saying your prayers or having your wife say them for you; this keeps your conscience serene and quiet, especially in hot weather, and affords you the most delightful and refreshing sleep.

Allow nothing to disturb your serenity. If a man flies up and tells you plainly that you are the biggest liar for a small man he ever saw, and should come close to proving it, just keep still and tell him you will postpone the balance of the affair till next winter, and if he is inclined to tickle you, do not over-exert yourself by running away down the hot and dusty street. Keep cool and endeavor to get him to tick somebody else.

Above all things avoid running too much around over town in the heat, hunting up people that you owe; wait until cooler weather, if it takes years.

Be careful how you eat green things this weather; eat sparingly of Paris green; do not eat cucumbers while they are green; avoid eating green sea-turtle at your clubs and drink lightly of green seal. Cabbages also while they are green are very unhealthy in summer, ice-water, to be healthy and harmless, should sit on the stove for at least five minutes; this will take off the chill, and ice-cream should be thoroughly thawed out—both of these are very deleterious to good health at this season, and young men should be thoughtful enough to try and impress it on the minds of young ladies of whom they have sole control—or wish they had.

You should endeavor to avoid sitting in cold churches during this heated term. Where the sexton forgets and leaves all the windows wide open and also the doors, allowing the chilly air to circulate as it pleases, is hardly the place to go, for there you are liable to get measured for a cold which may send you to kingdom Cumberland.

When you go down-street always carry your umbrella well before you; this will prevent the heat from blowing on you. If you have no umbrella try to keep the heat off by holding a cane before you.

Be thankful if you are so fortunate as to have water on the brain, for you will be in little danger of being sunstruck, and if you should be sunstruck you cannot possibly have a chance to strike back.

You should by all means carefully abstain from over-exerting yourself by carrying all your money from one room into another and piling it up, at least while the thermometer is so strong—and unhealthy.

A straw hat with the crown neatly torn out, and linen pants extremely short will afford excellent ventilation for your head and feet.

It would be a very nice thing if you could hire a windmill to sleep in, these nights.

You can honestly pray for storms now, and need not disdain to raise a small storm with your wife, and in the days of fierce sunshine you can even welcome clouds of sorrow in your sky.

While you may easily run up an account you should by no means try to run it down; that is too killing work at this time of the year.

When it gets so hot that a three-inch board won't cast a shadow you had better go into the cellar, being careful that the sun's rays do not strike the chimney and run down the lightning-rod into the cellar. You can devote all your spare time to the invention of a sun-rod to prevent the sun from striking your house.

People who live in glass houses—your neighbors—will find they are pretty hot residences this summer, and they had better move out.

If you find it too hard work to attend to your own and other people's business, this kind of weather, you had better let up on one or the other of them—even if you own. You may not have a lazy bone in your body, but oh! the muscles!

NOW is as good a time as any for your wives to talk about a trip to Saratoga and Newport. It is a prolific subject for conversation, and you should encourage them in it.

You will find accounts of people freezing to death in the Arctic regions—regions where the ark landed—more entertaining reading than you imagined before.

If the sun keeps getting nearer and nearer to the earth there will be great danger of an eclipse of the moon, and everything will be as effectually dried up as a mince-pie at a railroad restaurant.

The nights are now so hot that the very rays of the moon, pale but not cold, scorch you, and you are compelled to carry an umbrella for fear you will get moonstruck.

You need not jaw your wife now when you sit down to a cold meal, nor frown at her cold looks.

Young people finding the parlors are too warm even for young love, will find it convenient to adjourn to the front gate—the gates of Gazebo!

Be sure and wear thin clothes; your spring clothes, if worn enough, will probably be sufficiently thin.

Men who think they are carrying the world on their shoulders had better take it off now and sit down in the shade to rest a little bit.

Oh, for the shade of immortal Shakespeare!

Fervently,

</

BODY AND SOUL.

BY METTA VICTORIA VICTOR.

The following poem, first published in 1859, and characterized as "one of the finest poems in American literature," has found its way into the English press—where it appears authorless, and full of errors. From a copy of the *Art Journal*, in which it originally appeared, we reproduce it, sure that it will find appreciative readers.]

A living soul came into the world—
Whence came it? Who can tell?
Or where that soul went forth again,
When it bade the world farewell?

A body it had, this spirit new,
And the body was given a name,
And claimed its birth and circumstance
Above its being came.

Whether the name would suit the soul
The givers never knew—

Names are alike, but never souls:
So body and spirit grew,

Then entered the narrow sphere
Into the realms of life,

Of this strange and double world
Whose elements are at strife.

T'were easy to tell the daily paths
Walked by the body's feet,

To mark where the sharpest stones were laid,
Or where the grass was sweet;

To mark where the dress, or what her dress,
Ragged, or plain, or rare;

What was its forehead—what its voice,
On the hue of its eyes and hair.

But these are all in the common dust;
And the spirit—where is it?

Will any say that the hue of the eyes,
Or the dress, for that was it?

Will any one say what daily paths
That spirit went or came?

Whether it lay upon bed of flowers,
Or slept upon bed of flame?

Can any tell, upon stormy nights,
When the body was safely at home,

Where, amid darkness, terror and gloom,
Its friend was wont to roam?

With whom it lay beneath the blue skies,
It rested soft and still.

Flying straight out of its half-closed eyes,
That friend went wandering at will?

High as the bliss of the highest heaven,
Low as the lowest hell,

With hope and fear it winged its way
On a journey that none may tell.

It lay on the rose's fragrant breast,
It bathed in the ocean deep,

It strolled in a sun of the sun-clad weep,

It laughed with maids in murmurous caves,

It was struck by the lightning's flash,

It drank from the moonlit lily-cup,

It heard the iceberg's crash.

It haunted places of old renown,

It basked in thickets of flowers;

It lay on the white bed of flowers,

It lay on the bed of flame;

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"My niece can scarcely regard my daughter, my adopted daughter"—emphasizing the words, pointedly—"as a usurper! My part of the Trefethen estates in France, Beatrix will of course inherit. My personal property in this country, I shall dispose of as pleases me; and I understand, thoroughly, how to punish any one who shall so far forget good-breeding as to slight my ward!"

"It is impossible that any one could do that," said Griffis, gracefally. "Miss Trefethen is a charming lady."

"Certainly! certainly!" assented the judge, and the announcement of dinner terminated the slight unpleasantness upon which the trio had drifted.

"Guardy, aren't you coming to see me soon?" asked Sydney, when the guests were about making their *adieu*.

"I shall come to Mrs. St. Martyn's 'breakfast,' yes."

"Ah, but that seems so far away! nearly a week! You must come to luncheon sooner; I am so lonely without you!"

"Are you not happy, little girl?"

"Happy, oh, yes! But I miss my father confessor! Then I want to hear about yourself, and the new home and studio!"

"Mrs. St. Martyn will bring you to see that," I have," turning to Elinor, who was coming to ward them.

"To your studio? I should be pleased to do so."

"And the pictures, Guardy," continued Sydney. "Aren't you lonely with them gone? What do you work on, now? Have they been sold?"

"Yes!"

"Oh! Who bought them?"

"Mr. Trefethen. He concluded the purchase of them to-day; so my agent told me."

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"I can scarcely agree with you," answered Elinor, gravely. "I was so anxious to possess them myself, that it will be a matter of serious regret to me to have them hang in any other parlor than mine. Cannot you persuade Mr. Gillette that I shall consider it a great honor if he will make me a copy of "Womanhood" at any price?"

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That entertainment was a pleasant affair, and settled beyond doubt that Miss Trefethen's entrance into society would prove a success. The girl's beauty and liveliness found friends for her rapidly, while Mrs. St. Martyn's chaperonage, and the rumor that steadily gained ground that she was not only the adopted daughter but the heiress of the eccentric old Frenchman, gave her prestige.

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"Perhaps I can assist your memory," remarked Mrs. St. Martyn, with smiling compposure. "Have you not seen Mr. Gillette's picture, Maidenhead? Miss Trefethen's features and beauty are reproduced there, though not quite her expression."

"Of course! How stupid of me not to think of that. I recognize perfectly the young girl in the painting; and her style is identical with Miss Trefethen's."

"I understand that Octavian Trefethen has paid twenty thousand dollars for the pair of pictures," observed Colonel Russell. "I presume Gillette thinks his fortune made. But the old gentleman must have bought them from some strange whim—perhaps the resemblance of the faces to this little beauty he has adopted; no one else would have paid such a sum. I cannot agree with the bravos of the public, and the flattery of the art-critics, that proclaim those two paintings as the most perfect specimens of their art."

"No, sir; your artistic discrimination is very nice, colonel; but I have been foolish enough to offer more than ten thousand dollars for a copy of the second picture of the pair," said Elinor's clear, cool voice. "It was a matter of deep regret to me that I failed to secure the paintings."

"*Mu foil!* This Gillette has friends!" exclaimed the colonel, with a light laugh.

"And never man deserved them more!" replied Mr. Webb, warmly. "Years ago his every prospect in life was blighted. Instead of dreaming over his betrayed love and shipwrecked hopes, like a somnambulistic idiot, he determined to fight fate and his own luck. Without money, influence, or friends, he started upon his new career. There was no one to encourage him—not one in all the world to smile with love and pride upon him if he mastered circumstances, and developed genius, and conquered fate, as other men's mothers, and sisters, and sweethearts smile upon them for any good achieved; and yet he persevered in his undertaking, and stands before the world a man to be honored. He has acquired a rapid fame at the last, but not undeserved; for he has toiled long and faithfully at his profession and endured physical privations of which we cannot dream, and has won the highest and the mildest recompence for his work; though his genius by teachers abroad, had long been conceded, teaching others, had been long conceded, teaching others."

"Quite a romance!" said Griffis Gilruth, lightly, while Elinor's cheeks and lustrous eyes betrayed her intense interest in what she had heard.

"Yes, quite!" retorted Mr. Webb, placidly. "And I have told you actually all that I know, so spare me any questions, please."

"Why that adjuration? Mrs. St. Martyn is the only lady who has heard your story, and we know that she is superior to the foibles of her sex."

"How well!" asked Colonel Russell, in a mean ing manner. "Did you not notice her eyes flamed, and her color variegated, while Webb discoursed this paragon, Gillette? Such betrayals of interest are new for the stately lady."

"Mrs. St. Martyn is in a position where she can well afford to take an interest in struggling genius, and assist it, if she chooses, without laying herself open to any supremely foolish suspicions," replied Griffis, coolly dismissing the subject.

But the annoyance the colonel's words had engendered was not as easily disposed of; it being increased later, when, after the other guests had departed, and Griffis had indulged in a delicious hour of flirtation with Sydney, the couple found Elinor and Gillette in Mrs. St. Martyn's room alone, and number parlor, conversing as genially as old friends; Elinor's attitude—her head lying against the jetty velvet that bordered the back of a low luxurious lounging-chair, and hands folded idly in her lap—expressing perfect rest and contentment; while Lucien sat easily among the satin cushions of a Turkish lounge, one arm thrown lightly about little Myra, who nestled at his side.

"Why, Myra! I'm jealous of you!" exclaimed Sydney, laughing, as she entered the salon.

"You need not be, little girl," responded Gillette.

How tenderly he called her that; and how happy his face was as he made a place for her at his side. Elinor's heart gave a passionate, rebellious throb. Why was this man so loved? And why did she seem more alone in the world than the tiny Myra and the beautiful orphan?

She turned to Griffis with a mad desire to read devotion to her in his eyes at least. Instead, he too, watched the happy group upon the lounge, half-piqued that the girl who had coqueted with him deliciously a moment since could turn to this man with such warm affection and utter forgetfulness of any other.

Elinor's rising was a sign for the dispersing of

the party; and her manner, as she shook hands with the artist, was quite changed from that which had so charmed him as they sat and looked in each other's eyes and talked like near companions. Again she was the splendid, wealthy, haughty Mrs. St. Martyn.

"Sydney, will you go down with Mr. Gillette? I think he will excuse me—I have to devote a half-hour now to business, if my counselor can spare me time to-morrow."

"Certainly," said Gilruth, seating himself, but with perceptible indifference in his tone.

"Something is the matter with the boy!" exclaimed his companion, facing him archly. "Is he grieving because I sent his pretty cousin away?"

"Nonsense, Elinor! It only annoys me that I am always disappointed in what I am constantly seeking to discover—that I am any more to you than any other man!"

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suffering, he was deadly pale and his features quivered. I saw plainly enough that the lava of his common look had been molten passion. The mood was brief, electrical, and commanded in a moment. Before the doctor came he had resumed his frozen calm.

When the physician had examined his patient, he whispered with Mr. Dallas for a few minutes. Standing aside and out of the looks of portents cast at the bed, for the first time the thought of Mrs. Dallas's death crossed my mind. Another thought followed that, which I cannot explain. It was a thought which I at once put aside; not that I was too good, but only too proud to entertain it. I was not good—that is not morally strong, in those days. Disappointment had developed the worst of me. My heroism and self-denial were weak. My prayers for bread—for such things, I mean, as my nature absolutely required—had been answered by stones, too long.

Mr. Dallas watched with his wife that night. I say he watched; he sat there motionless, in a great bay of shadow left by the faint night-lamp; his arms resting upon a small desk, his face buried in his hands, while I went quietly to and fro, answering the invalid's moaning, querulous demands.

Witnessing this abject depression, this apparent torture of self-reproach, I could not help thinking of the hint Mrs. Grymes had uttered of Mr. Dallas's being some way to blame for his wife's condition. I argued that any common accident or sickness with such results would be naturally a frequent topic. That reticence argued ill. It was strange, moreover, that neither guests nor friends ever came to the house with inquiries. Could it be possible that there was concealment, or crime, in this matter? I shuddered.

Mrs. Dallas got better; better, that is, if there are degrees of comparison in such a condition as hers. The days wore away. The holiday week was over. One night, coming at the usual hour to the room, Mr. Dallas found his wife asleep. It was a wild, stormy night; I sat by the window reading; and knowing that Mrs. Dallas would require some attention when she woke, did not leave my place on her husband's entrance.

He sat down before the fire without speaking. It grew quite dark; I ceased to turn the pages of my book, and Mrs. Dallas still slept. At last I asked:

"Shall I get a light?"

"No," he said, "it would disturb her."

Then there was another silence, which, by-and-by, he broke.

"This is a strange position, Miss Chenevix, which you are choosing to fill."

"It is hardly a matter of choice," I answered.

"I dare say not," in a restless voice. Then he added, confusedly, "I wish it were different—I wish it were possible!"

He stopped, and I made no further reply.

"I have been meaning to speak to you for several days," he went on, presently. "Would it be any object if I increased your salary?"

"I don't understand you, Mr. Dallas. I do not remember to have expressed any dissatisfaction with the terms of my engagement."

He appeared to master his short embarrassment.

"You don't understand me?" he said, with the tone of pity in which one humors a child; "but you can't suppose I am blind, or that my feelings are so wholly blunted that it does not make me heartick to see you wasting your young life here in this sick-room, which has victims enough already."

He paused a little.

"I reproach myself, Miss Chenevix, for permitting such a sacrifice," he added; "you must know that you in no way resemble the sort of person for whom I adverised."

"If I do not suit you, I wish you would tell me so directly, Mr. Dallas."

"I will plain with you," he said, not heeding the tone in which I spoke, and with such a dreary sadness in his voice that it touched my cold heart to the core. "When you came, I inferred that you had sought the situation from necessity; I have suffered too much myself not to be anxious to spare others suffering, when that is in my power. I watched you and said, 'This is too hard; she must not stay here.' I made inquiries for other situations among those who were once my acquaintances and friends, and succeeded in learning of one which you are well adapted to fill, where your life would be pleasant and your work at home. But you did not care to mention this to you. I discovered that you—the I—I felt that he feared I was going to misunderstand him in what was coming—"that you," he continued, "had become so necessary to us that I shrunk from sending you away."

For a moment a delightful sense of relief came over me at the thought of leaving this place; but the inexpressible sadness of Mr. Dallas's tone touched me and kept me silent. I realized that I had somehow contributed to make his life a little brighter, and it seemed so desolate, I had not courage to tell him I would be glad to go.

"I try to be unselfish," he said; "to forget that I have ought to anything but duty and self-denial; but it has done me so much good to feel that there was something healthful and hopeful in this stricken house that I could not propose to you before to go away. Now you must decide. It was my duty to speak, and I am glad I have done it," his voice shook nervously. "Only—only I meant to say—But decide first, Miss Chenevix."

I hesitated a little.

"I will stay for this year, if you wish it, Mr. Dallas." I had not the heart to answer him otherwise.

He sighed:

"I thank you. You pity me."

"I have not presumed to do anything of the kind."

He got up, not noticing my answer, and walked slowly across the dusky room to where I sat.

"I was going to say—" he laid his thin hand on the back of my chair, dropping his voice.

"You see what my life is, Miss Chenevix. It is in your power to alter it; to crown it with happiness. Would this be worth your while?"

I looked at him coldly; afterward I was glad that he could not have seen that I thought his words equivocal, and half resented them.

"I have a child," he went on, huskily, "a little girl; I have never been able to have her with me, you will understand why, although my heart is up in her. More—will you please to chuse the service of such a person as I could trust Aimée to. It has never before seemed right to bring her here, to this house; and she has always lived with her grandmother, whose home is at a great distance. With you here, it would be wholly different. I could give her confidence to your care if you would take her. Would this be worth your while, Miss Chenevix?" in a tone of almost passionate entreaty.

"Do you see for what I should have to thank you?"

"There need be no sense of obligation, Mr. Dallas. If I was relieved from some of my duties to your wife, I should have plenty of time to attend to your daughter."

He stooped and took my hand up, but dropped it again, as though the touch had hurt him.

"I only meant to say, God bless you!" he stammered, "that is all." Then, feeling his way along through the darkness, he stole out of the room.

In a few weeks Aimée came—oh, Aimée darling! with thy royal, golden-haired head, and coral mouth, ivory shoulders and lovely eyes, when I think what came of thy coming! But I must not anticipate.

Betsy was now installed, subject to my supervision, as Mrs. Dallas's nurse. I sat with Aimée; walked with her; taught her, and above all adored her. Never was child more worthily loved, more aptly named. She lived girded with idolatries, dowered with devotion.

I was very cautious—perhaps I was worried by some accusing instinct—very cautious that the child should not form a link between the fa-

ther and me. I never lingered when I had given her from my arms to his, never by any device asked either for gratitude or sympathy. With this one spot of sunshine, I was content to leave the rest of my life in shadow. I have spoken of Aimée as almost a baby; she was very tiny, very fragile; she was, however, ten years old.

The winter passed, and then the spring, with portents of change. It was a year of changes, with the thought of Mrs. Dallas's death crossed my mind. Another thought followed that, which I cannot explain. It was a thought which I at once put aside; not that I was too good, but only too proud to entertain it. I was not good—that is not morally strong, in those days. Disappointment had developed the worst of me. My heroism and self-denial were weak. My prayers for bread—for such things, I mean, as my nature absolutely required—had been answered by stones, too long.

Mr. Dallas watched with his wife that night. I say he watched; he sat there motionless, in a great bay of shadow left by the faint night-lamp; his arms resting upon a small desk, his face buried in his hands, while I went quietly to and fro, answering the invalid's moaning, querulous demands.

Witnessing this abject depression, this apparent torture of self-reproach, I could not help thinking of the hint Mrs. Grymes had uttered of Mr. Dallas's being some way to blame for his wife's condition. I argued that any common accident or sickness with such results would be naturally a frequent topic. That reticence argued ill. It was strange, moreover, that neither guests nor friends ever came to the house with inquiries. Could it be possible that there was concealment, or crime, in this matter? I shuddered.

Mrs. Dallas got better; better, that is, if there are degrees of comparison in such a condition as hers. The days wore away. The holiday week was over. One night, coming at the usual hour to the room, Mr. Dallas found his wife asleep. It was a wild, stormy night; I sat by the window reading; and knowing that Mrs. Dallas would require some attention when she woke, did not leave my place on her husband's entrance.

He sat down before the fire without speaking. It grew quite dark; I ceased to turn the pages of my book, and Mrs. Dallas still slept. At last I asked:

"Shall I get a light?"

"No," he said, "it would disturb her."

Then there was another silence, which, by-and-by, he broke.

"This is a strange position, Miss Chenevix, which you are choosing to fill."

"It is hardly a matter of choice," I answered.

"I dare say not," in a restless voice. Then he added, confusedly, "I wish it were different—I wish it were possible!"

He stopped, and I made no further reply.

"I have been meaning to speak to you for several days," he went on, presently. "Would it be any object if I increased your salary?"

"I don't understand you, Mr. Dallas. I do not remember to have expressed any dissatisfaction with the terms of my engagement."

He appeared to master his short embarrassment.

"You don't understand me?" he said, with the tone of pity in which one humors a child; "but you can't suppose I am blind, or that my feelings are so wholly blunted that it does not make me heartick to see you wasting your young life here in this sick-room, which has victims enough already."

He paused a little.

"I reproach myself, Miss Chenevix, for permitting such a sacrifice," he added; "you must know that you in no way resemble the sort of person for whom I adverised."

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Aimée was born. One day, just a few weeks after, Marian was to go out for the first time since her illness for a ride. The horses I owned were young, mettlesome, hardly broken, many said unsafe; and my wife asked me not to drive them that day. She was nervous and timid, she said. I was a little vexed at her want of confidence, for I was a skilful horseman, and ridenid her fears. She gained, and I told her to have given up; should have accepted her awful fate at my hand with such tender humility!" He stopped a little.

"From that day to this," he went on, "I have never had courage to relate what came. The horses became frightened and unmanageable. I have sometimes thought if she had not been vexed by me clinging so desperately to my arms it might have been different; but that is hard to say. They backed, plunging so that I dared not tell her to jump. We went over a steep bank, down into the cane at the base, dislodging rocks, roots, torrents of mud. I had to stop, making superfluous efforts to save her, but were accidentally thrown in the *débris*. When I recovered my consciousness hours had elapsed. I was here; they told me my wife was dying. Oh, how I prayed for her life; for her life at any cost, madly, almost blasphemously! Little thinking how I could think of—it how it was. Well, she lived, mangled, torn, the great nerve-centers writhed awry, the brain softening from its injuries, the helpless victim of the sickening ailments which her frame had accumulated year by year. She lived. My prayer was answered." He was pacing the floor; he stopped, and wiped the thick beads of sweat from his face. Then he turned and confronted me sharply.

"What now?" he asked. "Now that I owe her?"

"The tears were streaming from my eyes.

"Not less than your life," I answered.

"So I have thought. I made her fate my first and last consideration. I have immortalized myself to lenient lest I should be tempted to forget. I have tried to expiate the wrong I did her by sharing, as far as I could, her wretched fate. And, you see, even here in my seclusion I could not guard against temptation; against failure. Rachel Chenevix, it was not my fault that you came here." The reproach was directed at me. "Forgive me," he added in a moment; "I ought to bless, not reproach you; another woman, maybe, would have said and done what you have."

"I forgive you. I do not deserve any credit."

The child in my arms was stirring; I lulled and stilled her. Mr. Dallas sat down by me again.

"I want you to go away from here, Rachel," he said, kindly, calmly. "Not that I fear myself any more. I have nothing to do with love. But you are young and handsome; this is no life for you to lead."

"Yes," he said, "I would wait till then."

When this promise was given, we were both of us in a state of transports. He was the first to break the silence, and I was the second. He was the first to leave the room; I was the second to follow him.

"Pity me, Rachel Chenevix," with a great sob, "pity my life," then more brokenly: "my temptation, bowing his head."

I felt my limbs shaking; even I could hardly keep my teeth from chattering, but I made no answer.

"It is my use," his voice shivered along on one key. "I have tried—tried—God knows."

"Hush!" I said, in a tone of supplication.

"No use," he repeated, stonily.

I pitied myself for knowing what he meant. There is always use in struggling to do right. "I said," I replied, "I would wait till then."

"Yes," he said, "I would wait till then."

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A WALK IN SUMMER.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

In pensive meditation I alone
Walk by this rivulet's course,
By far I'd rather walk than ride, I own,
—Besides I have no horse.
The lovely flowers are springing 'neath my feet,
And very well they may,
Most anything that hears these footfalls beat
Would try to spring away.
The airy breeze meandering around
Upon my brow blows cool,
The birds they sing their lays for my reward
And I—well, I pipe smoke.
I left the city with its hated streets,
Its sorrows and regrets,
I've left the busy throng of men one meets,
The want, and, (hem)—the debts!
And here along this silvan brook I wend,
Free, being charged no toll,
For if I was I haven't got a cent
To save my earthly soul.
All Nature seems alive. Nature to man
Her shoulders never shrugs,
There are a thousand voices in my ear—
Beside a couple of bugs.
I watch the little fishes in the creek
As back and forth they swim,
My heart aches for them till it's nigh to break
Poor things they must be wet!
I'd like to take a few in just to dry—
My feelings are so tender,
But the only pin's hook that I have by
Is fixed to my suspender.
The air is regal with the odorous scent
Of flowers by the marge,
And so to-day with my nose I content—
Although it's rather large.
This is a day to make the heart expand—
My vest is rather tight,
And lo! they see on either hand,
With dirt, they're far from white.
On this, my only bank, I now recline,
And go to sleep in bliss;
When every reader of this rhymed line
No doubt already is.

The Condor-Killers;
WILD ADVENTURES AT THE EQUATOR.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH,
AUTHOR OF "SNOW-SHOE TOM," ETC.

VIII.

TOGETHER AGAIN—A BREAKFAST INTERRUPTED.

NICHOLAS stood drenched and unarmed on the bank of the Amazon. Before him the stream, now covered with the broken branches of palm and not a few beautiful large flowers, that told in mute language of the passage of the porococo on the preceding night, moved as sluggish as of yore, and behind him stretched a forest deep, dark and full of death. It was from its depths that the cry of the puma had come.

As yet, Nicholas knew nothing of the fate of his companions, Elgardo and Jack. Fortunately, perhaps, they had not conveyed all their things to the floating island; the Peruvian boy had made a *cache* somewhere in the forest, in which he had hidden a good supply of ammunition and had been placed; but alone, and with landmarks erased by the terrible storm, Nicholas knew that he would never be able to find the spot. But he did not despair.

The cry of the puma grew more frequent and distinct, and the solitary boy at last caught sight of a grayish body moving through the *débris* of trees and plants that littered the aisles of the forest. With a river before him and a puma behind, the young adventurer was placed in a very annoying position. But he prepared to meet the latter.

Seizing a heavy branch that lay almost at his very feet, Nick turned suddenly upon the "false deer" and brandished himself for the combat.

"Now's as long as I can fight will I give up!" he said, defiantly. "Come on, my good *sassanava*, and we will fight for the championship of the Amazonian valley."

At this juncture the wily animal chanced to see the antagonist waiting calmly for him cudgeled in hand, and crouched to the ground.

He was now not more than thirty yards from Nicholas, who had made up his mind that the animal was in a proper condition to attack man. As he looked he saw that the beast was gliding along on his belly, after the manner of its species, with its eyes fixed intently upon him.

"I'll give you the best I've got!" said the boy, anxious for the battle, inevitable as he thought, to be on. "Come on, and let us finish this matter!"

As if endowed with understanding, the puma gave a light spring forward and landed on the ground almost within reach of the boy's stout cudgel. Nicholas raised the club; but involuntarily started back. The animal was crouching at his feet as it were, but the eyes were not so fierce as the orbs of the enraged puma; on the contrary, Nicholas fancied that they gleamed with the light of recognition, and this fancy was confirmed by the movements of the puma's tail.

"By my life! the beast is wearing a collar!" suddenly cried the boy, espying a collar resembling tanned vicuna hide about the puma's neck. "The animal is not in its wild state; but has been an Indian's pet. Come here, my fellow Alboso had a pet puma."

At mention of the mad condor-killer's name, the puma bounded forward, and with a low whine crouched at Nick's feet.

"Pava! Pava!" cried the boy, with rising joy, and the animal rose on its hind feet, uttering whines of delight.

"Where is your master?" asked Nicholas, stroking the beautiful head of the beast, which he had taken more than Alboso could have done.

But the puma continued to manifest his pleasure in meeting the boy, and our young readers may imagine the thankfulness that pervaded the youth's breast, for the bloodless termination of his encounter with the animal.

"Now," taunted he, "if I could but find Elgardo and Jack how happy I should be again!"

How happy! for to be alone in an Amazonian forest is one of the most unpleasant situations in which a man can find himself.

But fortune was about to grant Nicholas another favor, for while he yet stroked the puma's hide he heard a loud shout, and turning saw Elgardo and Jack. For a moment the youth could scarcely credit the evidence of sight; but he bounded forward and was soon in the arms of his companions.

They had been carried down the stream on a portion of the island which had been broken into fragments by the violence of the storm, and considered their escape one of great moment.

Elgardo was startled by the appearance of Alboso's puma in that spot; but saying that the condor-killer could not be far off, he announced himself ready to hunt for the *cache*. But the finding of the desired spot was no easy task for the young guide, for as we have already mentioned, the storm had rendered the forest a perfect wilderness of broken branches and detached sips. The Peruvian boy, however, found a few of his landmarks, and at last, to the joy of the two boys, the lost *cache* was discovered. Not only found, but Elgardo announced that it had not been disturbed—not even by the prying and pillaging monkeys—and once more the grasped good guns.

"Breakfast first!" said Elgardo; but the two boys looked at him in surprise.

Breakfast when the forest was still? for not even a macaw was to be seen! But Elgardo smiled at their look, and mysteriously said that a good breakfast was not far off.

Bidding the boys gather a quantity of dry

sticks, the young guide plunged into the woods, and the report of his gun was soon heard. Not long afterward he was seen returning with a queer animal thrown over his shoulders, and, to the boys' surprise, he cast astir their feet not a young deer but an ill-shaped, black-faced monstrosity. Elgardo said the beast he had won was the famous *barriquido* monkey, the largest one in America; and that its flesh was considered a delicacy by the natives. At first Jack and Nicholas were averse to tasting the meat of the creature; but when the guide with his salams offered them a nicely-roasted hunk, their ravenous appetites carried the day, and their aversion vanished.

Pava, the puma, fell with keen relish on the part assigned to him by Elgardo, and the meal was progressing with satisfaction when the guide looked up and then sprung erect.

"Another storm!" cried Nicholas.

"Yes; but not the pororoco!" answered Elgardo. "Listen! *el tapir*!"

Silence on the boy's part was not necessary to enable them to hear the noise that was approaching from the north. It seemed as if a squadron of cavalry was charging through the forest.

At once rifles were lifted, and the adventures prepared to receive the new foe.

"*El tapir* is not very dangerous," Elgardo said. "But if you do not get out of his way, he will run over you—that's all. When he is running with *el tigre* on his back, he is furious."

"They are coming straight at us!" cried Jack.

"No!" answered Elgardo, who had been watching the movements of the animals from the first. "They have turned aside a little; look, *señores!* *el tigre!* *el tigre!* *el tigre!*"

Sure enough, the makers of the confusion that filled the forest had hove in sight. It was a herd of tapirs—fifty or more—galloping along in the track of a tiger peculiar to that animal.

"They are coming straight at us!" cried Jack.

"Safety for her; but the man—"

"He will be hideously scarred for life, and his right hand will never wield the brush again!"

Said soundly.

Grace Atherton went to him in his darkened room, and on her knees beside his couch, with tears streaming from her eyes.

"Dear Alphonse, once you asked me for my love; and though my heart was bursting with love for you, my pride crushed it. Now my heart humbles my pride, and I come to sue for your love and forgiveness!"

Need we record his answer?

Rumor, as it often does, had exaggerated Al Westerman's hurts. He was not scarred for life; neither did his right hand forget its cunning. And to-day those two who had reached each other through fire and water make as handsome a couple as one need wish to see.

"May the Virgin guide your bullet, *señor!*" ejaculated Elgardo.

The plunging herd which at first threatened to run the three young hunters down, was now passing to their left on their way to the river. They were wild enough about the motions of the animals that carried the jaguar were such as to render Nick's shot very uncertain. But the boy took a steady aim, and when he thought he had caught "the bead," touched the trigger.

A cry from Elgardo announced that the shot had told, and the boy-marksmen with flushed face saw *el tigre* fall from the neck of his chosen victim! Down among the plunging pachyderms he went, and disappeared; but only for a moment.

When the tapirs passed on our friends saw the terror of the Amazonian forest lying still on the ground, crushed by the feet of the frightened herd. When the trio reached his side they found him dead; the true aim of the boy! Ninrod had sent the bullet through his heart.

"Bravo, Nicholas!" shouted Jack, patting the young friend on the back. "My first condor and your first tiger will never be forgotten. Hark! what was that?"

"Nothing," said Elgardo, with a smile. "*El tapir* has taken to the water!"

But the boys looked, and saw the herd plunge beneath the waves of the Amazon.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 484.)

Through Fire and Water.

BY PHILIP S. WARNE.

A LONG stretch of yellow sand—the white surf, picturesque with bathers—the smiling sea—the deep, blue sky, with its fleecy cloud-sips! Stretched at full length on the sand, beneath the shade of an umbrella, is the figure of a man remarkable for symmetry and strength. His features are of delicate, patrician mold, his eyes clear and constant.

"Al!" remarks the friend sitting beside him, "have you given in your allegiance to La Grange yet?"

"No," replies the other, in a deep, rich voice.

"You painters are a self-complacent set," affirms Joe Vesey, with a touch of impatience. "Confound you! your biggest lion of you all is only a sort of hand-organ attachment—without disengagement to present company!"

"Just so!" assents Al Westerman. "Pray don't apologize. Our roar is like the bass drum that attracts the small boys to the show."

"Exactly. Well, La Grande has a new attraction this season, and she'll be sure to hunt you up, that don't deserve it. Now, if I didn't want to do it, I might stand in the background forever!"

"And what is to be seen 'upon the inside?'" asked Al, affecting the *patois* of a showman.

"A modern Juno, as proud as her ancient prototype. To her, hearts are but eggshells."

"No doubt. How delightful!"

But the remark was cut short by a shout, followed by the screams of fainting women and moans of terror from others who retained their consciousness. And the scene of merriment was suddenly transformed into a spectacle of wild confusion and dismay.

Out on the sea a wild-eyed man was swimming toward the shore as if for dear life. White foam said the woman he had been floating had gone down.

The occupants of the life-boats, at some little distance, were beating the water with their oars, and shouting at the top of their lungs.

In an instant Al Westerman was on his feet.

He learned that the appearance of a shark had occasioned all this dismay, and that out there over the waves, a woman was deserted by her companion and left to drown.

Boots and coat were off in a twinkling. Then a man with flying hair was seen to rush down the beach and plunge into the surf.

A momentary submersion, and he appeared swimming with might and main, his head out of the water, his eyes flashing.

Without a glimmer of the craven, and swam to help him limp from the shore.

One hero makes many; and men who had fled before now waded to their necks in the sea, to meet the bold swimmer, and relieve him of his burden.

But he declined their proffered assistance, and though staggering with exhaustion, bore up the beach to a bathing-house the woman he had saved.

After one glance at that perfectly molded and now marble-like face, he jealously guarded her from any hands but his own.

The frightened bathers gathered around him, and followed him, and he heard a voice say:

"It is Miss Atherton, Mrs. La Grande's protégée!"

Standing there in the moonlight with her woman's drapery falling about her in graceful folds, she was very Juno-like in height and symmetry of stature, and in queen-like carriage. But there was a look of exquisite distress in the white face which she shaded with her fan, and a suspicion of tears in her eyes, that ill-competed with the haughty character of the goddess.

Al Westerman stood with clenched hands, white lips, and pained frown.

"Miss Atherton," he was saying, in icy tones, "my mistake is that of the sculptor who loved a bit of beautifully-fashioned marble. I thought you had a heart! you have effectually dispelled the delusion. Good-evening."

He turned on his heel and left her with a firm un-promising tread, that Mars might have envied.

And then, without a murmur, this Juno sunk swooning to the ground!

It was half an hour before she came to, of her accord, and crept into the house.

It was the old story—he was a poor painter, and she had been true to the teachings of that society of which her aunt, La Grande, was a dazzling representative.

"Fire! fire! fire! fire!"

The cry rang through the crowded hotel. Then dense clouds of acrid smoke filled all the avenues of escape, enveloping the mass of straggling human beings, converting those once peaceful corridors into a pandemonium, where death flapped his ebon wings and terror froze the blood with his awful cries.

The jostling crowd in the street stared helplessly at an inaccessible window which framed a vision as beautiful as a poet's dream. And stretching forth her hands, the woman gazed in agonized appeal to her fellow-creatures who were powerless to do ought but pity.

Then up the stairway, where the red tongues of flame lapped the rail which his hand grasped, a man who threw his life in the balance, taking no thought for safety.

A few short directions—a few rapid moves—and he held her in his arms with a wet towel wrapped about her head.

Then down through that fiery simoom he bore her, now sinking upon his knees, struggling up again, staggering, reeling, to fall on his face on the pavement, only after he had reached the pure air and safety.

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Need we record his answer?

Rumor, as it often does, had exaggerated Al Westerman's hurts.

"I'll tell you why Mr. Granger?" the guest said, "you have a piece of wood swamp, and scraped and scoured my flesh in a manner that was, to say the least, uncomfortable suggestive. The tiger waved over me for an instant, with teeth bared and cavernous red throat pulsing in my sight, and then as I lay perfectly quiet it gradually fell back to a crouching position. The incessant swaying of that long, thin tail grew faster and faster. The brute was working himself into the proper sort of fury for an attack, and presently began to creep around me, with the eyes that were like narrowing points of light never turned for one instant away. Nevertheless, I had managed to draw my knife without exciting any further demonstrations, and with my left hand I struck him directly, though suddenly, into the tough clay beneath me for a bit of rock, the sharp edge of which I felt. It loosened in my hand as I saw the tiger's eyes flame with sudden fury, and the beast crouched preparing to spring. I sprang up myself simultaneously, flinging the rock with all my force, and trying to evade the expected attack by darting aside, but the creature was too quick for me, and I went down before its ponderous weight, the weapon struck from my grasp, and as I waited shuddering for the massive jaws to close upon quivering flesh and crackling bone, fully convinced that my last moment had come, the tiger turned its head and seemed to be listening."

"Solgrim! Solgrim! Solgrim!" came in tense, sharp, commanding tones.

A little quiver ran through the striped body above me.

"Solgrim, here, sir! Come here! Here, I say!"

The figure of a man had appeared at the opening of the pit above us. A moment after he came cautiously down its shelving side, reiter